The Complaint of the Shepherd *Harpalus*,

To a New Tune.

POOR Harpalus oppreſt with Love
sat by a Chriſtial brook,
Thinking his ſorrows to remove
oft times therein did look:
And hearing how on pibble ſtones
the murmuring River ran,
As if he had bequeath'd his groans
unto it thus he began.

Fair ſtreams quoth he that pities me,
and hears my matchleſs moan,
If thou be going to the Sea
as I now ſuppone,
Attend my plaints paſt all relief
which dolefully I breath,
Acquaint the Sea Nymps with ỹ grief
which ſtill procures my death.

Who ſitting in the clifty Rocks
may in their Songs expreſſe
While as they comb their golden locks
poor Harpalus diſtreſſe;
And ſo perhaps ſome paſſengers
that paſſeth by the way,
May ſtay and liſten for to hear
them ſing this doleful lay.

Poor Harpalus a Shepherd Swain
more rich in youth then ſtore,
Lov'd fair Philenea hapleſſe man
Philenea O therefore.

Who ſtill remorceleſſe hearted Maid
took pleaſure in his pain,
And his good will poor ſoul repaid
with undeſerv'd diſdain.

Ne'r Shepherd loved Shepherdeſſe
more faithfully then he
Nere Shepherd yet beloved leſſe
of Shepherdeſſe could be.

How oft did he with dying looks
to her his woes impart,
How oft his ſight did teſtifie
the dolor of his heart.

How oft from Vallies to the Hills
did he his grief rehearſe,
How often echoed they his ills
aback again alas.

How oft on barks of ſtately pines,
of Beech, of Holly grèn,
Did he ingage on mournful lines,
the grief he did ſuſtain.

Yet all his plaints could have no place,
to change Philena's mind,
The more his ſorrows did increaſe,
the more ſhe prov'd unkind.

The thought thereof hath wearied care
poor Harpalus did move,
That overcome with high deſpair
he loſt both life and love.

Printed for *F. Coles*, *T. Vere*, and *J. Wright*.